

Las Vegas by miawweasley

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Summary: El is about to get married to a wonderful man— Brian. That is, until Mike decides the best time to announce his feelings for El is right before she says "I do."

Las Vegas

El was on a plane going to Las Vegas. How it happened was all so incredibly clear to her and she couldn't stop giggling like an idiot as it replayed in her head, even though the situation she was in was *anything* but funny, and she should be doing *anything* but laughing.

But she continued to laugh quietly to herself as the Captain announced everyone should buckle up as they were now landing in Las *fucking* Vegas.

And she giggled some more.

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"God, you look so beautiful!"

Max's hands were in El's hair while Will zipped up her dress. El smiled softly looking in the mirror, feeling incredibly happy that it was finally her special day.

Her fiancé, Brian, and her had been friends in college and finally realized their feelings for each other after running in to each other in New York a few years back.

"Jane? Is that you?"

El turned around and met eyes with a tall, brunette man. "Brian?" she asked. "What are you doing out here?" She gestured to the building surrounding them in central park.

"I'm here for work," he explained, telling her all about his new business. El smiled while he told her, happy his dream was finally happening.

"Would you like to grab some coffee?" he asked her. She took a few seconds to decide. She just got out of a serious relationship with Mike, and while he was moving on, she wasn't. Deciding it was only as friends and that she shouldn't overthink it, she nodded her head and he allowed her to lead him to her favorite cafe.

"I can't believe I'm getting married," she told them, smiling as she

recalled the memory.

"Are you ready?" Max said as she smoothed out her own dress. El nodded before they both kissed her on the cheek and walked out.

Not even a minute later Hopper walked in and stopped in his tracks, looking at her with tears in his eyes.

"El..."

He didn't finish in fear he would just start crying, so he simply allowed her to hug him. He kissed the top of her head before pulling back and taking her arm. He squeezed her arm in comfort when he saw her nervous face, and it seemed to calm her as soon enough they were walking down the aisle.

She was smiling up at Lucas, Dustin, Will, and Max who were all her 'bridesmaids.' She was smiling at Joyce. She was smiling at Brian's family. But she was *not* smiling when she met *his* eyes. She didn't even know Mike was gonna be there, and as she stared at him her smile faltered. She quickly looked away and up at her fiancé who had tears in his eyes.

Taking his hands, she stared in to his green eyes.

"Dearly Beloved, we are gathered here today in the presence of these witnesses, to join Jane El Hopper and Brian David Stonewood in matrimony commended to be honorable among all; and therefore is not to be entered into lightly but reverently, passionately, lovingly and solemnly. Into this - these two persons present now come to be joined. If any person can show just cause why they may not be joined together - let them speak now or forever hold their peace."

There was silence among the crowd, and El didn't even think to look around to see if anyone objected. Why would anyone object? A shuffling noise could be heard until:

"I love you."

El whipped her head around before meeting the eyes of Michael Wheeler. Her lips slightly parted in shock, her brain not registering his words as she glanced over at her friends who had wide eyes and

open jaws.

"I've always loved you. And I- I'm pretty sure you love me too, because we've been through so much together. And I wasn't going to do this but *God*, that should be me up there. I think you know that. I *hope* you know that. And I can't just sit down and watch you marry him, because I love you. I love you so much it hurts and I feel like my heart is going to *explode* so- so- so... do you? Do you love me?"

El looked around the room filled with shocked and disapproving looks before turning to Brian. He looked hurt and upset and angry and she really *really* thought he was the one but it was nothing compared to what she had with Mike. So she took one last look at her friends and then at Hopper and Joyce as if they could tell her what to do— like some sort of a emergency lifeline on a game show. She realized they couldn't help her, and that she had to make this decision on her own.

She ran.

She ran down the steps, lifting up her the skirt of her dress and grabbing his hand. They both ran out of the church, not looking back to the gasps and

conversations that erupted in the crowd.

They just ran.

And they got in the car, and they buckled up and drove off. El glanced in the rear view mirror and saw the guest that crowed outside the church to watch their departure. She didn't see Brian.

Brian.

That's when it hit her.

"Oh my *God!* I just ran out on my *wedding!*" She looked frantically at Mike, who met her eyes and asked her if she was *sure* wanted this. Then she burst out laughing.

"I just-" giggles, "ran out on my- my-" more giggles, "*wedding!*"

And then lots more giggles. "Oh my God, that is so funny! I just-" and she burst out laughing, and Mike eventually joined in.

"Do you want this, El?" he asked her once more. She bit her lip before smiling softly and nodding eagerly.

"The whole damn thing," she responded.

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And that's how she ended up on a plane to Las Vegas, hand clutching her soon-to-be-husband as they looked out the window and out at the city.

Walking out into the fresh air, the two 28-year-olds hopped inside a taxi and asked to be driven to the newly built Paris Hotel. They walked inside it, admiring the many bars and small shops.

"It doesn't look exactly like Paris— more like somewhere in Italy," she said, looking over at Mike. He hummed in agreement as they walked past the casino and to the elevators where a small sign read "*Chapel on the 2nd floor.*" They looked to each other and grinned before heading up to the 2nd floor.

Both of them were jittery and excited and high off adrenaline as they stumbled inside the chapel where a minister was waiting for them. He pronounced them married as they slipped plastic rings on each other's fingers, promising to get real ones afterwards.

Mike picked his wife up bridal style as she threw her head back and laughed, and he ran down out the door as music played in the background.

The music quickly faded in with the sounds of the city that never sleeps, the sounds that could be heard all the way up in their hotel room as they tore each other's clothes off.

And the sounds of the city became their heavy breathing and moans and screams and pants and pleads for each other as they made love in a familiar rhythm that they both thought they had lost years and years ago. It was comforting— the familiarity. It was like they knew each other, one puzzle piece connecting with the other.

Tangled in each other's arms, they both felt content. Happy. And it all felt... *right*. 'Right' was the only word that could describe what they had with each other, because what they had with each other was so indescribable.

They could only hope their friends and family had the same views.